

William Ben Crabens

LEGISLATIVE

MEMORIALS

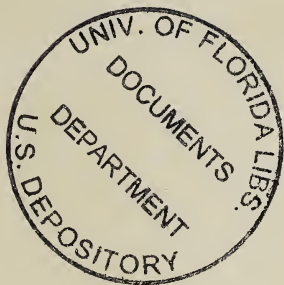
MEMORIAL ADDRESSES
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Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

William Ben Crabens

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM ARKANSAS



Sebenty-sixth Congress
First Session



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Biography

WILLIAM BEN CRAVENS was born in Fort Smith, Sebastian County, Ark., January 17, 1872; attended the common schools, the Louisville (Ky.) Military Academy, and the Staunton (Va.) Military Academy; was graduated from the law department of the University of Missouri at Columbia in 1893; was admitted to the bar the same year and commenced practice in Fort Smith, Ark.; city attorney of Fort Smith 1898-1902; prosecuting attorney for the twelfth judicial district of Arkansas 1902-1908; elected as a Democrat to the Sixtieth, Sixty-first, and Sixty-second Congresses (March 4, 1907-March 3, 1913); was not a candidate for reelection in 1912 to the Sixty-third Congress; resumed the practice of law in Fort Smith; elected to the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, and Seventy-sixth Congresses, and served from March 4, 1933, until his death in Washington, D. C., January 13, 1939; interment in Oak Cemetery, Fort Smith, Ark.

In the House of Representatives

MONDAY, May 1, 1939.

Mr. BULWINKLE. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of House Resolution 160:

The Clerk read as follows:

House Resolution 160

Resolved, That on Tuesday, May 30, 1939, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40-A of rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record until 10 legislative days thereafter on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Sebenty-sixth Congress
First Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, Sacred Selections (11:30 to 12)—

United States Marine Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer-----The Speaker of the House of Representatives

Invocation-----The Chaplain, Dr. James SHERA Montgomery

I Know That My Redeemer Liveth (Dudley Buck)-----John Carter

Scripture Reading and Prayer-----The Chaplain

The Lord Is My Shepherd (Rogers)-----The Temple Quartet

Roll of Deceased Members—

The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional Silence

Rest In Peace (Schubert)-----The Temple Quartet

Address-----Hon. Thomas A. Jenkins
Representative from the State of Ohio

A Spirit Flower (Campbell Tipton)-----John Carter

Address-----Hon. James P. McGRANERY
Representative from the State of Pennsylvania

The Strife Is O'er (Palestrina)-----The Temple Quartet

Taps-----Winfred Kemp

Benediction-----The Chaplain

William Ben Crabens



Memorial Services

TUESDAY, May 30, 1939.

The SPEAKER of the House of Representatives presided.

The Chaplain, Dr. Montgomery:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy holy name. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Mr. John Carter sang "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," by Dudley Buck.

SCRIPTURE READING AND PRAYER

The Chaplain, Dr. Montgomery:

I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on Me though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever believeth on Me shall never die.

For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of

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mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world; even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God. For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as asleep; They are like grass: In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth. So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

* * * * *

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am ye may be also.

* * * * *

I heard a voice from heaven saying, write: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they rest from their labors; for their works do follow them.

Heavenly Father, our Companion of The Lonely Way; O Thou whose star stood above the Judean hills, be very graciously near us and draw aside the veil of grief. Let us not mourn, as those who love and lose in this fading world; let Thy full-orbed spirit be upon our waiting souls like the dawn upon the hills of earth. How firm, how strong, how sovereign is that manhood that lives and breathes through Thee. May that peace prevail among us that might even flow from the robes of angels. Let us hear the evening

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hymn that calls us from the language of earth to the language of heaven. O Thou who didst bow Thy head upon the cross and passed beneath the shadow of pain and dying, comfort the sorrowing ones who linger here. Dear Lord, so often our reason wrestles for the daybreak and asks for the way, the truth and light; on the wings of our prayer we come to Thee in our weakness. Keep us all in the shelter of Thy presence until the stream of death we cross—and unto Thee be eternal praise.

If on a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail
With grateful hearts, O God to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

Teach us in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart
To live by faith alone.

Through Christ our Saviour.

The Temple Quartet sang "The Lord is My Shepherd," by Rogers.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Roger M. Calloway, reading clerk of the House, read the following roll:

ROYAL SAMUEL COPELAND, Senator from the State of New York: Doctor; lawyer; professor, author; house surgeon, University of Michigan Hospital, 1889-90; practiced medicine 1890-95; professor, medical school, University of Michigan, 1895-1908; Mayor Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1901-03; dean, New York Flower Hospital Medical College, 1908-18; fellow of the American College of Surgeons; commissioner of public health and president of the New York Board of Health 1918-23; elected to the United States Senate 1922, 1928, and again in 1934. Died June 17, 1938.

JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS, Senator from the State of Illinois: Lawyer; author; soldier; member of the Senate, State of Washington; candidate for Governor of Washington 1892; Member of the Fifty-fifth Congress; served as Inspector General during Spanish American War; corporation counsel, City of Chicago, 1905-07; candidate

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for Governor of Illinois, 1908; delegate, Safety at Sea Convention at London 1914; designated to incidental service in Europe during the World War, reporting to the President; decorated by foreign countries; elected to the United States Senate 1912, 1930, and 1936. Died April 9, 1939.

CHARLES J. COLDEN, Seventeenth Congressional District of California: Educator; businessman; journalist; president of the board of regents of Northwest Missouri Teachers College; president of Los Angeles Harbor Commission; member of Los Angeles City Council; elected to the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses. Died April 15, 1938.

ALLARD HENRY GASQUE, Sixth Congressional District of South Carolina: Educator; superintendent of education, Florence County; president State Teachers Association and State County Superintendents Association; member State democratic executive committee; Member of the Sixty-eighth, Sixty-ninth, Seventieth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses. Chairman, Committee on Pensions at the time of his death June 17, 1938.

ROBERT LOW BACON, First Congressional District of New York: Lawyer; soldier; served in the Field Artillery, United States Army, during World War; instructor of Field Artillery; commanding officer training battalion; brigade adjutant; assistant to Chief of Field Artillery; awarded Distinguished Service Medal; delegate, Republican National Convention, 1920; Member of the Sixty-eighth, Sixty-ninth, Seventieth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses. Died September 12, 1938.

JOHN JOSEPH BOYLAN, Fifteenth Congressional District of New York: Businessman; member New York Assembly 1910-12; State senator 1913-22; Member of the Sixty-eighth, Sixty-ninth, Seventieth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses; member of the Committee on Appropriations; chairman of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission. Died October 5, 1938.

STEPHEN WARFIELD GAMBRILL, Fifth Congressional District of Maryland: Lawyer; member State legislature 1920-22; member of the Maryland State Senate 1924; Member of the Sixty-eighth, Sixty-ninth, Seventieth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses; reelected to the Seventy-sixth Congress. Died December 19, 1938.

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WILLIAM BEN CRAVENS, Fourth Congressional District of Arkansas: Lawyer; city attorney, Fort Smith, 1898-1902; prosecuting attorney of the twelfth judicial district of Arkansas 1900-06; Member of the Sixtieth, Sixty-first, Sixty-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, and Seventy-sixth Congresses. Died January 13, 1939.

JOHN BURWOOD DALY, Fourth Congressional District of Pennsylvania: Lawyer; educator; master of arts and doctor of laws; assistant city solicitor of Philadelphia for 12 years; member faculty of La Salle College; Member of the Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, and Seventy-sixth Congresses. Died March 12, 1939.

CLARENCE WYLY TURNER, Sixth Congressional District of Tennessee: Lawyer; editor; elected to State senate of Tennessee 1900, 1909, and 1911; delegate to the Democratic National Conventions of 1920 and 1932; mayor and city attorney, Waverly, Tenn.; county judge, Humphreys County, 1920-33; Member of the Sixty-seventh, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, and Seventy-sixth Congresses. Died March 23, 1939.

Mrs. **NORTON**, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

The Temple Quartette sang "Rest in Peace," by Schubert.

Hon. **THOMAS A. JENKINS**, a Representative from the State of Ohio, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS OF HON. THOMAS A. JENKINS

Mr. **JENKINS** of Ohio. Mr. Speaker and friends, the sorrow that we have for our dead is one sorrow from which the heart refuses to seek surcease. It is the only sorrow that we refuse to forget. Every other wound we seek to heal, but somehow we feel it our duty to keep this wound open. We sometimes cherish our sorrow for our dead so that we may brood over it in solitude. Our sorrow for our dead is measured exactly by our love for them.

Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own!

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When we first get the sad news that one of our own has gone from us we feel an overwhelming burst of grief, but time, the great healer, slowly and surely calms this into a tender recollection. A gentle tear is then our only outward manifestation. The convulsive agony that first consumed us gradually softens into pensive meditation from which we derive much solace. And among the beautiful pictures that hang on memory's wall the picture of one we loved the most will seem the best of all.

We may laugh with our gay friends, we may meet with them around the festal board, we may listen intently to their songs and chronicles, but there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. We are always keyed to hear the voice which even the tomb cannot stifle.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend.

A genuine show of reverence for the dead is a mark of culture in any individual. A nation's standard of civilization is accurately tested by the customs of the people as they show or fail to show proper respect for their dead. Veneration for the tomb and reverence for their dead was characteristic of the strong nations of earliest history. This simple inclination of these unlettered ancients to keep fresh the memories of their dead is unmistakable proof that the natural instincts of man cry out for the eternal companionship of those he loves.

In all generations nations have erected monuments as proof of their love and affection for their honored dead. No nation has surpassed us in this respect. All over our land a thankful people have recorded the virtues of their forefathers in literature, in art, in song, and in enduring bronze and granite. The choicest treasure of an individual who has lived right is his memory of his life's experiences—"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." The greatest wealth of any

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nation is its national memories. When Greece was richest in treasures her greatest treasure was her culture. When Rome ruled the world her richest treasure was that which held her empire together—law and government. The national memories of our country are richer than our mines of gold, our fields of corn, or our cattle on a thousand hills. Our national memories are more ennobling than our great cities filled with the treasures of art and the trophies of war. In these days of wars and rumors of war our national memories which inspire our patriotism are a safer defense for the Republic than our strong efficient armies or our swift, magnificent navies.

So today we are deeply conscious that we have assembled to pay our tribute of love and respect to our deceased colleagues, of whom we could say that they were—

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking.

That they were—

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie.

We meet from a genuine and generous impulse of our hearts to testify to their worth and to say to their relatives that we mingle our tears with theirs for we, too, love our departed brethren and shall forever cherish their memory. Their greatest and most enduring monuments will be seen in the greatness of the Republic which they served so well. It is a glorious death to die in the service of one's country. It is not important what one gets or what one has as compared to what one gives. These men gave of their time and their talents to their fullest capacity.

Carve your name high over shifting sand,
Where the steadfast rocks defy decay—
All you can hold in your cold, dead hand
Is what you have given away.

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Build your pyramid skyward, and stand,
Gazed at by millions, cultured they say—
All you can hold in your cold, dead hand
Is what you have given away.

Count your wide conquests of sea and land,
Heap up the gold, and hoard as you may—
All you can hold in your cold, dead hand
Is what you have given away.

The loss of these, our beloved colleagues, causes a wide gap in our public councils, of which we are deeply sensible. To the States which they represented and to the people of the sections of the country with which they were identified, no tongue of a stranger may venture to attempt words of adequate consolation. But let us heed the voice which comes to us all, both as individuals and as public officials, and in the solemn and signal province of God let us remember that our duty to the Republic next to our duty to God is our greatest obligation. Let us reflect how vain are the personal strifes and partisan contests in which we daily engage, in view of the great account which we soon may be called to render. Our opportunity to serve humanity is great and our responsibility to assume it humbly and discharge it nobly is commensurately great.

Our association with these our distinguished dead was a rare privilege. All of them, no doubt, came from wholesome environment. Their courage and ambition carried them through the public schools, the academies, colleges or universities as their funds would warrant. They boldly breasted the currents of life strengthening themselves by daring to swim against all currents that threatened to carry them into easy or useless activities. One must have a fair measure of courage and have confidence in his own worth and ability, when he asks an intelligent American constituency to elect him as their representative to the greatest legislative body in the world. When once honored with membership in this great body; once having sworn to uphold and defend the Constitution against all enemies, foreign and domestic,

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theirs was the duty to see to it that constitutional Government should be maintained and that the torch of equal justice should always be kept burning bright so as to lead those in authority to do justly and walk uprightly, to their own honor and to the welfare of the people and to the glory of the Republic. So nobly did they discharge their duties that they left no stain upon the escutcheon of the Republic. Alongside their irreproachable conduct, we lay the full measure of our love, our confidence, and our respect. While we held our departed brethren in the highest esteem as we served with them, our measurement of their stature might be dwarfed somewhat by the nearness of the perspective. Now that they are gone our appraisal could probably be better expressed in these words:

A prince once said of a king struck down:
"Taller he seems in death."

And the word holds good, for now, as then,
It is after death that we measure men.

The greatest measure of devotion that any man can show for his country is to die for it on the field of battle. I am sure that our departed brethren whom we strive to honor today would approve a reference by me at this time to the fact that this day is our national holiday known as Memorial Day. Today, from shore to shore, in every city, village, and hamlet, and at every countryside the people are gathered in tribute to their beloved dead. Soon after the close of the great conflict that threatened the existence of the Union there was published a poem inspired by the magnanimity of a group of women who strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Union dead as on the graves of their own Confederate dead. This little poem, the Blue and the Gray, with other contributing features, so moved the sympathy of the Nation that Decoration Day or Memorial Day came to be a national holiday. At first Decoration Day was largely a day for paying tribute to those who had died on the field of battle by decorating their graves, but it has now grown to universal

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observance. The people, encouraged by the churches, the schools, the civic, fraternal, and patriotic organizations consider this as a day when they can proudly demonstrate their patriotism and when they can reverently show their love and devotion to those who have moved to that mysterious realm we call eternity.

Besides carrying his theme to a beautiful conclusion, the poet who wrote the Blue and the Gray expressed a beautiful and timely prophecy which we hope has been fully and eternally realized in our country. He writes:

No more shall the war cry sever
Or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.

Oh, speed the day everywhere when the peoples of the world can rest safely in the assurance that war shall be no more. May God hasten the fulfillment of the prophecy of His prophet, Isaiah, who said:

And they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall there be war any more.

When primitive man advanced far enough to reason and rationalize he wondered whether death ended all. From that time forward one solemn thought has been with mankind always. As the primitive man saw his friends and his own offspring pass away he pondered over it and wondered whether he would ever see them again. When he saw their flesh mix with the insensible clod and their bleached bones blow away with the passing winds, he was dismayed. His mind was confused, and he followed his natural instinct and continued to ponder, little thinking that his plight was and would be for ages the common plight of mankind. Long before Revelation strengthened our faith and Resurrection assured our hope the people of the world were reverently and worshipfully seeking what they thought was the source of good, knowing that if there was a supreme being it must

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be good. With advancing civilization the matter remained insolvable except for the rather indefinite prophecy of a few bold prophets. It was left to Job, the man of trouble and the great philosopher to give cogent expression to his feelings on this subject. He said:

O that Thou wouldest hide me in the grave, that Thou wouldest keep me secret, until Thy wrath be past, that Thou wouldest appoint me a set time, and remember me.

If a man die, shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come. Thou shalt call, and I will answer Thee; Thou wilt have a desire to the work of Thine hands.

Every rational man has with him always the question: If a man die shall he live again? He is baffled with his inability to prove the immortality of the soul but takes comfort in the thought that nobody has disproved it. Somehow a belief in the immortality of the soul binds the world in a close comradeship.

So through the generations the question has remained inexplicable by the intellect. Many questions are unexplainable by the intellect that are understood and solvable by the sensibilities. The finest activities of the soul spring from the sensibilities rather than from the intellect. When Job spoke, he consulted his feelings.

We need not worry too much about the mystery of death until we understand the miracle of birth. All men come into the world through birth and all are equal then. All men leave this world through death and all are again equal. But at no other time from birth to death are they equal. We of the Christian faith through our belief in Christ and His divinity are irresistibly led to a belief in the authenticity of the greatest event in all history—the resurrection of Christ. If Christ rose from the dead, this eternal question that has worried humanity has been answered. If we believe in Christ, let us hear Him say:

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And

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if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

To those who are of the house of faith these words are convincing. Encouragement to this view is also given when we recite the long list of the great of all ages who were irresistibly drawn to a belief in immortality. It was David who expressed his faith that he would again meet his son Absalom. The shrewd Socrates included a belief in immortality in his philosophy. The sublime Plato made himself immortal by his writings on the immortality of the soul. In burning eloquence Cicero proclaimed his belief in immortality. The Apostle Paul, who left a greater impression on the world than any other man, the Saviour only excepted, in faith abounding said:

And the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

These and other countless scholars, scientists, and philosophers agree with the irrefutable teaching of the lowly Nazarene.

Robert Ingersoll, the great modern agnostic, when put to the test while speaking at his brother's funeral, said:

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud and the only answer is the echo of our own wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word, but in the night of death, hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

Addison makes Cato say as he sat alone just before his suicide, with Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul in his hand and a drawn sword on the table before him:

Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,

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Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.

Thus am I doubly armed; my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

My friends, change is the most inexorable law of nature. "Change and decay in all around" we see. Only God and His grace are unchanging and unchangeable. Heaven's fair morning has broken for our departed brethren. Earth's vain shadows have fled. "O Thou who changest not," let them abide with Thee.

Mr. John Carter sang "A Spirit Flower," by Campbell Tipton.

Hon. JAMES P. McGRANERY, a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. JAMES P. McGRANERY

Mr. McGRANERY. Mr. Speaker, more than four centuries before the dawn of the Christian era, Pericles, when asked to speak of the first Athenians who fell in the Peloponnesian War, confessed that he doubted the wisdom of any speech and declared that where men's deeds have been great they should be honored in deed only. Today my mind

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is one with the great orator of Athens, as I stand in this Chamber which has echoed with the voices of the men whom we are gathered to commemorate, our colleagues who have been summoned into eternity during the past year.

Posterity will be eager to share our knowledge of their personalities, gained in the happy comradeship of this legislative body. Because they were statesmen, it is the right of future generations calmly to appraise their service here and judicially to award to them their places in history.

We, who knew them and loved them, find our eyes dimmed by emotion on this hallowed occasion as we unite to dedicate this hour to our friends. Nothing that we can say will soften the pain of loss in the hearts of their mothers, their widows, their children who are attending these exercises. Their grief will not lessen; but consolation, like the morning dew, must come with the realization that they have given a member of their family in sacrifice upon the altar of patriotism. They must know, too, that the period of separation is a temporary one; for the men who are gone from our midst have reached the place of perpetual light where they are united to God, and where their loved ones will one day be reunited with them.

The legacy which they left us is a precious one—the more precious because the privilege was ours to know in the intimacy of good fellowship men whose integrity of character and social sympathy had enriched the life of a great nation.

In them we found no narrow passion of sectionalism, but rather the firm determination to interpret the historic forces animating American life, and the enlightened will to direct those forces to real fulfillment of the ideals of a democratic society.

With Edmund Burke they had come to understand that the distinction between a statesman and a pretender is that the latter thinks of results and aims for expediency, while the former reasons from principles and acts for immortality. These departed Members, whose memories we shall ever

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cherish and revere, were exemplars of American statesmanship, and their active faith was the foundation of their substantial heroism. A vista is opened out to us luminous with their vision, and we who look through it see a world ordered by God, a universe serene with his spirit of peace.

Today is consecrated to those who have already gone to be with the valiant ones whom men call immortal. Yet we who remain should not be sad—our colleagues would not wish it, for they know, with Francis Thompson, that—

The fairest things in life are death and birth,
And of these two the fairer thing is death.

* * * * *
It is the falling star that trails the light,
It is the breaking wave that trails the might,
The passing shower that rainbows maniple.

* * * * *
Thus hath He unto death his beauty given:
And so of all which form inheriteth,
The fall doth pass the rise in worth;
For birth hath in itself the germ of death,
But death hath in itself the germ of birth:
It is the falling acorn buds the tree,
The falling rain that bears the greenery.

* * * * *
For there is nothing lives but something dies,
And there is nothing dies but something lives.
Till skies be fugitives,
Till time, the hidden root of change, updrives,
Are birth and death inseparable on earth,
For they are twain yet one, and death is birth.

If they could return to this Hall of Congress they would smile—

As only joy made wise
By sorrow smiles at fear, as if a smile
Would teach—

Us the serenity of one who has the perspective of eternity,
of one who stands and views the centuries from afar un-
confused by the sequence of past and future.

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We who are here can but—

Dimly guess what time in mists confounds;
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of eternity.

As it did for our comrades. They answered it, not with their loins girded for war, but armored with their valiant faith, eager for the peace that passeth understanding.

We, who shared their last days under the dome of this Capitol, had witnessed again and again the manifestation of the faith which was their treasured heritage as Americans—faith in the logic of democracy; faith in their fellowmen, and in the supremacy of the spiritual force; faith in the essentially democratic ideal of the right of men everywhere to determine the conduct of their own affairs; faith in the ideal of the cooperation of peoples, in the same ideal which during almost eight score years welded together the individuals, who had their varied origins in the many hostile countries of the Old World, into an harmonious and united nation in the New World, where there is no place for communism, nazism, or fascism with their false interpretations of anthropology and biology.

It is not fitting that I should here attempt any controversial discussion, but I should lack the courage of those earnest advocates of democracy whom we are gathered to honor if I did not voice the plea that they would make today in this Chamber.

May God grant that the ideal of democratic cooperation which has been realized in this Republic—and of which this legislative body is at once a symbol and a proof—shall in our time join the now discordant peoples of the whole world into a permanent and united congress of nations.

Many years ago that great American, Charles Sumner, said:

Not that I love country less, but humanity more, do I now and here plead the cause of a higher and truer patriotism. I cannot forget that we are men by a more sacred bond than we are citizens—that we are children of a common Father more than we are Americans.

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It is natural, too, that we, as Members of the Congress of the United States, should place the tie of humanity above that of nationality, for each Member represents diverse constituents descended from citizens of all the nations, constituents of all creeds and of all races—constituents who live in harmony with each other, and ask of us only that we legislate for the common good. Their protection is indeed in their fraternity, and the legislation enacted in these Halls for them by us, their representatives, is effective, not because of the perishable parchment upon which it is inscribed but because it expresses the will of the American people with its tradition of fair and honorable dealing, founded upon the principles of equality, first enunciated for us in the Declaration of Independence.

As my eminent and now deceased predecessor from the district which I have the privilege to represent, the Honorable James M. Beck, aptly stated:

The Declaration did not create us a people. We were potentially a great people before it was adopted. Declarations, constitutions, and governments do not create peoples, but peoples create governments and ordain constitutions.

There is today harmony among the varied citizens of these United States because theirs is the spirit of democracy, which safeguards their inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The human conscience, to which Jefferson appealed in his great state paper, rises higher than the selfish interests and prejudices of nations and races, and unerringly approves what is right and condemns what is wrong. His words gave unto men a new deed poll to liberty, and neither time nor change has clouded the title for the many who have since claimed their heritage on our shores.

Our national strength has increased in the same ratio as our spirit of solidarity has grown under the wise and fatherly government of the Republic. It has been well said that our whole system of law is in its essence only the enforcement of the reciprocal limitations of individual liberty.

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Every man must limit his liberty by his brother's, and his brother must in turn realize that his freedom is not without the restraint that is upon every member of a family. Each law and each custom which constrains human conduct is justified insofar as it is necessary and appropriate for the preservation of the liberty of other men.

The keystone of American liberty has ever been freedom of speech—a happy heritage won by our forefathers by incalculable sacrifice—a sacred inheritance to be preserved only by perpetual vigilance. It must be maintained inviolate by the guardians of democracy whose sacred trust it is to watch it as zealously as the vestal virgins of ancient Rome guarded the fire of the empire.

The Members of the Congress must be militant to maintain liberty in the face of alien and corrupting influences that seek to undermine it within our borders, just as they must be vigilant to defend the integrity of those borders against military aggression from abroad.

This dual admonition has come down to us in the Farewell Address, wherein the Father of our Country reminded us that—

In proportion as the structure of government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

Wisely, he affirmed, that—

Virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government.

As he cautioned us:

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all: Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it?

With practical foresight, he counseled that we were to do these things:

Taking care always to keep ourselves by suitable establishments on a respectable defensive posture—

And—

Remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent greater disbursements to repel it.

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The philosophy of Washington, blended with that of Monroe, has been clarified and revived for the men of today by the President of the United States, as he eloquently declared:

To show our faith in democracy, we have made the policy of the good neighbor the cornerstone of our foreign relations. No other policy would be consistent with our ideas and our ideals. In the fulfillment of this policy we propose to heed the ancient scriptural admonition not to move our neighbor's landmarks, not to encroach on his metes and bounds.

We desire by every legitimate means to promote freedom in trade and travel and in the exchange of cultural ideas among nations. We seek no territorial expansion, we are not covetous of our neighbor's goods; we shall cooperate in every proposal put forward to limit armaments; we abhor the appeal to physical force except to repulse aggression, but we say to all the world that in the Western Hemisphere—in the three Americas—the institutions of democracy—government with the consent of the governed—must and will be maintained.

With his unflinching clarity of expression, the Chief Executive of our Nation has thus summarized the will of the American people, the determination of every representative who has ever been elected to serve in the Congress of the United States.

As the immediate representatives of the people, Members of the Congress were entrusted by the Federal Constitution with the sole right—yea, the solemn duty—to declare war. It is a happy commentary upon the patriots who served their country in this historic place—who daily devoted their living strength to the tasks of their sacred trust—that, throughout the century and a half that has intervened, there has marched a long and distinguished procession of men who have waged in this Chamber an unceasing battle to substitute for the arbitrament of war and death the reign of law, a valiant campaign to guarantee to the principles of democracy eternal validity.

Our colleagues who we mourn today were members of that militant procession whose fealty was to democracy, the

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mother of peace. They had consecrated their manhood to a great cause, and in this place where we are met today they gave their lives as heroically as any soldier—knights who died in a crusade.

They are beyond the need of our prayers as truly as the martyrs who were baptized by blood. By their death there has been born in the hearts of each of us a desire to dedicate ourselves anew to the defense of democracy.

In the words of Cardinal Newman, we, who must carry on, humbly ask our Divine Father:

May He support us all the day long, till the shades lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done; then in His mercy may He give us a safe lodging and a holy rest, and peace at the last.

The Temple Quartet sang "The Strife Is O'er," by Palestrina.

Taps was sounded by Winfred Kemp, principal musician, United States Marine Band Orchestra.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., pronounced the Benediction:

Unto Him who is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power both now and forever.

Now may grace, mercy, and peace from God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost abide with you and keep you always. Amen.

Memorial Addresses
on
William Ben Crabens

Memorial Addresses



Remarks by Representative Norrell

Of Arkansas

Mr. NORRELL. Mr. Speaker, ladies and gentlemen of the House, it is not easy to find words adequate for expressing the profound sense of sorrow and loss occasioned by the death of Hon. WILLIAM BEN CRAVENS, Arkansas' senior Member of Congress, on January 13 of this year. BEN CRAVENS was not only the dean of the Arkansas delegation in the House of Representatives: he was in a real sense a strong and courageous leader, a wise counselor, and a true friend. As one of the four new Members from Arkansas, now serving my apprenticeship as a Member of this body, I share with my colleagues the conviction that we have lost much in the kindly and wise guidance that would have been ours except for his untimely passing, for while he was never one to burden others with his own problems he was ever willing and eager to extend the helping hand to those with less experience and less wisdom in the procedures and traditions of this body.

Quiet, earnest, always a gentleman in the true sense, Hon. BEN CRAVENS won his way to esteem and high honor, not through spectacular gestures and vain display of his powers, but through tireless, purposeful effort and perseverance. No headline hunter, no boisterous seeker of publicity, he went about his business quietly, endowed with a Lincoln-like quality of simplicity and gentleness which endeared him to all men, of every rank and station—

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smell and smack of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The goodwill of the rain that loves all leaves;

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The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars. * * *

BEN CRAVENS first came to the House of Representatives as a Member from the Fourth District, Arkansas, in 1907, and served three consecutive terms. He did not seek the office again until 1933. All men with experience and knowledge of public life know how difficult it is to backtrack the political trail, and yet this quiet, earnest man, after 19 years of voluntary retirement from public service, accomplished this feat without difficulty. He relinquished office as a young man and returned after years of distinguished service at the bar, campaigning against four younger men, all experienced in politics, and won.

This was in a year when the tide of public favor ran strong toward placing younger men in office; but this man, while he was no longer young in years, had kept his essential youth, which is a matter less of years than of spiritual growth and adaptability to change. At the time of his death he was again serving his third consecutive term, a signal accomplishment, and eloquent of the esteem of his home people, who had not forgotten his splendid record of service after the 19 years of his retirement from public office. Of such was his public record, unvarying success against a background of quiet, earnest, and unremitting effort in the service of his people and his country. In later months he had suffered constant ill health, and it is characteristic of his whole life that it was not until death was near that the grave nature of his illness became generally known even to those who were closely associated with him.

For this able and modest gentleman we today bear witness of our sorrow and our loss at his passing in halting but honest words, knowing that he would crave gradiloquence and rhetorical pomp no more in his dying than he did in his living. Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to the surviving

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members of his family, to whom he was ever devoted. For ourselves, while attesting our loss we at the same time keep and treasure the inspiration of his life and deeds.

He held his place—

Held the long purpose like a growing tree—

Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.

And when he fell . . . he went down

As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,

Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,

And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

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Remarks by Representative Mills *Of Arkansas*

Mr. MILLS of Arkansas. Mr. Speaker, the unexpected and untimely passing of Congressman WILLIAM BEN CRAVENS on January 14, 1939, came as a shock to his many friends in Congress who had learned to respect and admire him with an abiding affection because of his fine character and because of the remarkable service that he had rendered the people of his district, State, and Nation.

His death has caused his friends to realize just what he has meant to them. They will forever miss his kindly efforts in their behalf, his untiring devotion to their cause, and his unexcelled honor of purpose and principle. The poorest individual had no better friend. The richest person felt this man was his friend. The laborer could always count on Ben. The farmer will long remember the efforts of this friend in his behalf. Words alone fail to express my own feeling of sorrow over the loss of this colleague whom I had known for only a short time but will never forget.

Many words have been spoken and written concerning this distinguished citizen of Arkansas, whose record of service is so closely interwoven with the pattern of our State's history. It is sufficient here to say that, since 1897 when he first held public office, his constituents have always reelected him each time he has run for office, clearly showing their trust in our deceased colleague and the type of man he was. He will long be remembered for the personal traits he possessed, a friendly disposition, even temperament, cool and collected manner, and love of home, life, and family.

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Remarks by Representative Ellis
Of Arkansas

Mr. ELLIS. Mr. Speaker and fellow Members, only 10 days after the beginning of this momentous session, Arkansas and the Nation were shocked by the sudden death of the beloved dean of the Arkansas delegation in the House of Representatives. Once, early in life, he had served the Fourth Arkansas District with honor and distinction, retiring voluntarily; then, in 1933, he returned and served continuously until his death.

Less than a week before he last set foot in these halls Mr. CRAVENS called our delegation together at his office to assist us in organizing a campaign for committee places—four of us were new. He was a sick man then but determined to carry on in his effort to be of assistance to his fellowman. This was characteristic of the leadership that endeared him to everyone here, for there is none but loved and respected him.

Our State has suffered a great loss.

When the history of the times has finally been carved into the Rock of Ages, yonder in the great Southwest, in the land called Arkansas, there will be written on the tallest hills among the great intellects of his day the name of BEN CRAVENS.

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Remarks by Representative Gathings *Of Arkansas*

Mr. GATHINGS. Mr. Speaker, ladies, and gentlemen, we are met here today to do honor to those distinguished Members of both Houses of Congress who have answered the final roll call and who have entered upon a journey "from out of whose bourn no traveler returns." Among those whom we honor is the Honorable BEN CRAVENS, of Arkansas, late a Member of the House of Representatives.

BEN CRAVENS died in Washington City on January 13 of this year. His public career was a marvelous one. Born in Fort Smith, Ark., he practiced law in that city until he was elected prosecuting attorney of the twelfth judicial district in 1900. He ably served the people of his district in that capacity for three terms, when he was first elected to the House of Representatives—1906. He was a Member of Congress for three terms, 1907–13, but was not a candidate for a fourth term. His next public service began when he was elected to the Seventy-third Congress without opposition. He was elected to each succeeding Congress, including the present Seventy-sixth Congress.

He was married to Miss Carolyn Dial, who was his constant companion throughout a useful life.

To them was born one son, Fadjo Cravens, city attorney of Fort Smith, Ark., and one daughter, Mrs. William Eads, of Fort Smith. He died at the age of 67 years.

Horace said: "Pale death with impartial step knocks at the palace and the cottage gate." This sentiment expressed more than 2,000 years ago by the Latin poet forces itself unconsciously upon our minds today. The many fatalities of this House and of the Senate during the present Congress has been such that we need not the admonition of poet or

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philosopher to convince us that neither rank nor station can stay death's relentless grasp.

BEN CRAVENS was a lovable man; kind, considerate, and ever thoughtful of others. It was my pleasure to call on him for counsel and advice on entering upon my duties as a new Member from Arkansas. Graciously did he assist me. He gave me encouragement that I will never forget. The last day that he was in attendance in the House of Representatives, and only a few days before his death, he consulted with many of his Member friends in the interest of committee assignments for all four of the new Members from his State. He was a friend in the truest sense. That he is gone dawns slowly upon us who served with him.

In the long vista of years to roll,
With me his memory nor his honor fade;
And though other land retain his soul,
He lives also here—
In the results of his deeds and friendships made.

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Remarks by Representative Kitchens *Of Arkansas*

Mr. KITCHENS. Mr. Speaker, this memorial service in the House of Representatives in commemoration of the life and services of our departed colleagues, where they labored so long and faithfully, is most befitting and proper. The beautiful flowers, the lilies and evergreens, that bank the Speaker's rostrum and fill the Well of the House show in a small way our respect and esteem.

We have been listening to the United States Marine Band orchestra in a prelude render most sacred selections admonishing us of our mortality and of the sacredness and immortality of the soul.

At high noon today the Congress assembled in memory of, and as a sincere tribute to, those of us whose spirits have passed into eternity, leaving to us and posterity only memories and the written record of their earthly sojourn.

We listened to our Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery, and to the inspiring, living song of truth rendered by Mr. John Carter in the words "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." We listened to the Temple Quartet sing so beautifully and devotedly "The Lord Is My Shepherd."

We have heard the Clerk of the House of Representatives solemnly call the roll of our departed colleagues, separated from us since last Memorial Day, and there was no reply; only the deepest of silence. We heard him call the name of Hon. Royal Samuel Copeland, Senator, of New York; Hon. James Hamilton Lewis, Senator, of Illinois; Hon. Charles J. Colden, Member from California; Hon. Allard Henry Gasque, Member from South Carolina; Hon. Robert Low Bacon, Member from New York; Hon. Joseph Boylan, Member from New

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York; Hon. Stephen Warfield Gambrill, Member from Maryland; Hon. William Ben Cravens, Member from Arkansas; Hon. John Burrwood Daly, Member from Pennsylvania; and Hon. Clarence Wyly Turner, Member from Tennessee.

None, of course, responded here, because their names are now on another roll, and they henceforth will answer the call of a power more omnipotent than this body, as they recently did when summoned from amongst us.

After the roll was called, all Members remained in devotional silence after which the Temple Quartet sang another song, that very beautiful, appropriate, and comforting song, "Rest in Peace."

We listened to the eloquent and inspiring address of Hon. THOMAS A. JENKINS, of Ohio, then to another beautiful song, "A Spirit Flower," by Mr. John Carter, and then to the eloquent and able address of Hon. JAMES P. McGRANERY, of Pennsylvania, followed by the Temple Quartet rendering another appropriate and comforting song entitled "The Strife Is O'er."

Afterward we listened to taps rendered by one of the buglers of our Army service, and which so often many of us have heard in peace as well as in war, in life for the living as for the dead, to signal that the light of life in our departed colleagues has been extinguished and shall shine no more, and that they have retired in silence everlasting. Our chaplain will in a few moments speak the benediction, and to our departed comrades say the last farewell.

Mr. Speaker, I rise to recount in my humble way and in a few words something of the life and services of Hon. BEN CRAVENS, of Arkansas, one of the names on the roll and called without response.

He departed this life here in the Capital City, January 13, 1939. He represented the Fourth District of Arkansas, a tier of counties along the border of the State of Oklahoma. BEN CRAVENS was born January 17, 1872, at Fort Smith, Ark., a city that was built upon the western frontier of this country

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when the people along the eastern coast line and elsewhere were advancing westward. He was of the pioneers who settled the city of Fort Smith, and came of one of the well-known families of our State. He was married at the place of his birth, and leaves today his widow and two children to mourn his untimely passing. He was a graduate of the law school of the University of Missouri, and practiced his profession in Fort Smith. He served as city attorney of Fort Smith for two terms, was district attorney for three terms, and without opposition was elected to the Sixtieth Congress for the term beginning March 4, 1907. He was re-elected to the Sixty-first and Sixty-second Congresses when afterwards he voluntarily retired.

After 20 years, again he was solicited to be a candidate for Congress, and, without opposition, was elected to the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, and Seventy-sixth Congresses. In the last campaign he was physically indisposed, unable to leave his home city, but overwhelmingly was reelected.

Mr. Speaker, BEN CRAVENS served in the Sixtieth Congress with other able men from Arkansas. There were Hon. Robert Bruce Macon, Hon. William A. Oldfield, Hon. Charles Floyd, Hon. Charles Chester Reid, Hon. Joseph Taylor Robinson, and Hon. Robert Minor Wallace, all of whom left the imprint of their work in the records of the American Congress. At that time there served in the Senate Hon. James P. Clarke, President pro tempore, and a leader in the Senate and a former Governor of Arkansas. There also served Hon. Jeff Davis, three times Governor of Arkansas.

Mr. Speaker, BEN CRAVENS was an unobtrusive man. He did not seek publicity for publicity's sake. He was frank, honest, and sincere in everything he said or did. His time was assiduously and quietly employed in the work of his office and in the discharge of his part of the legislative business, and was particularly concerned in every matter pertaining to, or in anywise affecting, his district and State. He was not influenced

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by group or other pressure, and exercised his own judgment after thoughtful, careful study and consideration, regardless of the consequences politically. His sentiments and opinions were voiced courageously with the public interest foremost in mind.

BEN CRAVENS had faith and confidence in the good judgment, intelligence, and common sense of the common man, and the common man had great faith and trust in the intelligence and good judgment of the one about whom I am now speaking. He was dean in the Congress of the Arkansas delegation at the time of his death. The service in Congress of the rest of us from Arkansas has been of short duration, but each of us owes a debt of gratitude to our departed colleague for his many courtesies and the considerate attention shown us, as well as for his wise counsel. He was at all times ready and willing to consult with, advise, and assist us.

Mr. Speaker, I was honored by being selected as one of the Members to accompany the remains of our departed colleague to his native home and city of Fort Smith. Upon arrival at our destination, we found not only the many friends of his home but many from over his district and our State present to render a last sad tribute to his life and remains. The funeral services were held in his home. The streets and walks were filled and lined with many hundreds of his friends who could not enter, and the flowers filled the room and the home with their sweetness and messages of love, esteem, respect, and admiration for our departed colleague. At the grave we consigned his body to the tomb, full well knowing that—

Dust thou art to dust returneth,
Was not spoken of the soul.

I trust, Mr. Speaker, the grief of his beloved wife, splendid son and fine daughter, as well as the sorrow of his many friends, will be partially appeased and softened by the modest pride, which they may justly take, in the memory of a husband, father, and friend, who was so beloved, and

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always so devoted to the upright, real, honorable, and straightforward things of life.

Mr. Speaker, Hon. BEN CRAVENS made no pretentions. He was what he was. It can well be said of him that he was a—

Statesman, yet a friend of truth. Of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private ends.

Remarks by Representative Kerr

Of North Carolina

Mr. KERR. Mr. Speaker, the assembled House of Representatives is in no sense the place to make social contacts or a place to form a just estimate of the character, real ability, and fidelity of its membership. We meet, discuss measures calendared for legislation, and hear debates often not germane to the subject matter under consideration. If this was the only opportunity the Members had to form a just estimate of our colleagues, I fear most of us would go home wondering why our constituents sent us to be their representatives in the greatest legislative body on earth.

Fortunately for us and our country we do get an opportunity to know each other when we come to consider all legislation before our several committees, and every Member of Congress, if he remains in Congress for several terms, will at some time have some intimate contact with his fellow Members which unfolds the character and viewpoint of each Member and it enables us to separate the gold from the dross. Seldom are we disappointed and those revelations lead me to assert that no more patriotic or diligent body of men could assemble on this earth to legislate for a Nation than those who from session to session compose the membership of the House of Representatives. It is possible, of course, to have a few unworthy men in such a body, but in this body these men are few and an exception to the rule, and it clearly evinces the fact that the people from every section of the Nation can be relied upon to choose a representative here and these representatives do and should reflect the ideals of their constituency and pay tribute to their universal high moral conception of citizenship and love of country.

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I wish to pay a last tribute to my fellow colleague and friend, Hon. BEN CRAVENS, of Arkansas, who died in the city of Washington recently and who represented the Fourth Congressional District of that State. Mr. CRAVENS had for many years been chosen to perform public duties in his native State. He was the prosecuting attorney of the Twelfth Judicial District of Arkansas for three terms and was elected Member of Congress in 1907, and served three terms. He was not a candidate then for reelection, but ran again in 1932 and was elected to the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, and Seventy-sixth Congresses. The fact that Mr. CRAVENS could remain out of Congress for 10 years and then be reelected is a most unusual incident in the life of any public man and this fact, if we had no other measure to go by, clearly discloses the high esteem in which he was held by the people among whom he lived.

As a public official he served his people with the deepest loyalty and unselfish affection and if he was a partisan, it was because the history of his party convinced him of its correct theory of government, but he was never so partisan that he would sacrifice the love of his country upon the altar of partisanship. He was a wise man, an able and discreet lawyer, a brave and courageous representative of a great people. I learned to admire his fine qualities after an intimate association with him on an important committee and I shall cherish as long as I live the mutual friendship we enjoyed for a few years and I hope to renew this friendship when I, too, shall cross "the Unknown River to the Unseen Shores."

Mr. CRAVENS lived in an eventful period of the Nation's history. He was born in the section of the country which was humiliated by defeat and when poverty was universal in our Southland. He grew to manhood and with his growth overcame all obstacles and emerged a wise leader, and able official and a valuable citizen. Men of his generation and his type from his section of the country overcame obstacles which few men encounter in life and made

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anew the social, financial, and political prominence of the South.

In the 15 years of my membership in this body, no State in this Union has sent to both Houses of Congress a more able, diligent, and conscientious membership than Arkansas, and BEN CRAVENS, our deceased colleague, deserves to rank among the outstanding ones.

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Remarks by Representative Terry *Of Arkansas*

Mr. TERRY. Mr. Speaker, on January 13, 1939, my colleague, WILLIAM BEN CRAVENS, who so ably represented the Fourth Arkansas District in this body, died after a brief attack of pneumonia. Although he had overcome a siege of illness which continued during last session and the summer adjournment period, Mr. CRAVENS had returned to Washington for the opening of the Seventy-sixth session apparently in good health, and his sudden passing was a shock to his many friends, as it had only been a few days before that BEN, as he was familiarly called, had been with us on the floor of this Chamber in the fullness of life.

At the time of his death, Mr. CRAVENS was the dean of the Arkansas delegation, and was chairman of the Committee on Elections, No. 3. He was also a ranking member of the Committees on Expenditures in the Executive Departments, Mines and Mining, and Public Buildings and Grounds.

Mr. CRAVENS was a native of Fort Smith, Ark., having been born there on January 17, 1874, and having resided there all of his adult life. He came of a distinguished family whose history is interwoven with that of his native State. His father, William Murphy Cravens, was sent to the Army post at Fort Smith (from which the city derives its name) during the Civil War.

Mr. CRAVENS received his early educational training in the schools of Fort Smith and later attended the Louisville Military Academy and the Staunton Military Academy. He received his law degree at the University of Missouri, and entered into the practice of law at Fort Smith with his father. In 1897 he was elected city attorney of Fort Smith and served 4 years in that capacity. In 1901 he was elected

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prosecuting attorney of the Twelfth Judicial Circuit, which includes Fort Smith, serving three terms in that office, until 1906. I have been told that he was one of the most effective, vigorous, and successful prosecutors who ever held the office. In 1907 he was elected to Congress and served three terms, retiring voluntarily to resume the practice of the law, in which profession he was eminently successful.

Mr. Speaker, the political career of Mr. CRAVENS was unusual in that it does not fall to the lot of many men in public service to come back into that field after a long period of retirement, whether such retirement is voluntary or involuntary, yet it was the unusual experience of our friend, after a voluntary retirement of 20 years, to be reelected to the Seventy-third Congress without opposition. He was subsequently reelected to the Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, and Seventy-sixth Congresses. As previously stated, during the spring and summer of 1938, Mr. CRAVENS was in poor health, and during the campaign last summer he was confined to his bed and made no public appearances or speeches, and yet in spite of formidable opposition he was overwhelmingly reelected—in fact, led the ticket among the congressional candidates in his State.

If one may sum up the qualities upon which the successes of his life were based, I should say that integrity and honesty were the foundation stones. One instinctively and wholeheartedly trusted Mr. CRAVENS. In him there was no guile or subterfuge. The term "politician," in the ordinary acceptation of the term, never applied to him. He was a faithful representative of his district and his State, and he was ever assiduous in the discharge of the duties of his office. His people trusted him and he was faithful to the trust. He was popular with his fellow Members and had their entire confidence and respect.

Mr. Speaker, I feel that Mr. CRAVENS' life was an exemplary one. Viewed from any angle it was a success. His public

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life should be an inspiration to young men who would serve their country, and his private life was ideal. Mr. CRAVENS is survived by Mrs. Cravens and their two children, Fadjo Cravens, a practicing attorney, and Mrs. William Eads.

Mr. Speaker, in the passing of our friend and colleague, the Congress of the United States and the State of Arkansas have lost a tried and faithful Representative whose long career as a public servant was without stain or blemish, and will always be a source of pride to those whose privilege it was to know him.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

FRIDAY, *January 13, 1939.*

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Eternal God, our Father, we pray for Thy blessing upon the truth as it shall be spoken today; may it do good, excite thought, and lead us to do our whole duty. Oh, let us see the pitying Saviour in the city and in the desert place and transform all closed hearts. Let us hear the cry of the weary, feel the pulse of the struggling; haunt us with the thought of the homeless, and thus shall our love be perfected in stony places. Almighty God, let Thy will be done in our Nation. Make it strong, not for selfishness nor aggression but for those who seek liberty and sit in darkness. Help us to see ourselves; it is easier to be good in a garden than in the slum; it is easier to love God on the mountain peak than in the throes of poverty. Blessed Lord, the opportunity is ours; the door is open; lead us on. In the name of our Saviour.

Now we wait, Heavenly Father, and hear us. The clouds are low and forbidding. Again we stand on Jordan's banks and hear the sighing of the turbulent waves. One faithful and true in public and private life has left us. The other hour, when he breathed his last, the heavens opened and his manly soul became immortal. God bless his memory unto us and abide with great comfort and peace with his loved ones. In the blessed name of our Redeemer. Amen.

Mr. TERRY. Mr. Speaker, it is with profound regret and sadness that I announce to the House the death this morning of our colleague, BEN CRAVENS, of Fort Smith, Ark., who has so ably represented the Fourth Arkansas District for

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many years. Mr. CRAVENS first came to this House in the Sixtieth Congress and was here during that Congress and the Sixty-first and the Sixty-second. He retired to the practice of the law and after 20 years he returned to this House in the Seventy-third Congress and has served since that time. At a later day I shall go more into detail into the life and character of our friend.

I offer the following resolution, which I send to the desk and ask to have read.

The Clerk read (H. Res. 52) as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. BEN CRAVENS, a Representative from the State of Arkansas.

Resolved, That a committee of four Members of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provision of these resolutions and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to.

The SPEAKER appointed the following funeral committee: Mr. Terry, Mr. Kitchens, Mr. Mills of Arkansas, Mr. Taylor of Tennessee.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the remaining resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

WILLIAM BEN CRAVENS

The **SPEAKER**. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to.

Accordingly (at 6 o'clock and 40 minutes p. m.), in accordance with the order heretofore made, the House adjourned until Monday, January 16, 1939, at 12 o'clock noon.

WEDNESDAY, *January 18, 1939.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Frazier, its legislative clerk, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. BEN CRAVENS, late a Representative from the State of Arkansas.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative the Senate do now adjourn.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

MONDAY, January 16, 1939.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Calloway, one of its reading clerks, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. BEN CRAVENS, late a Representative from the State of Arkansas, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. ANDREWS in the chair) laid before the Senate a resolution from the House of Representatives (H. Res. 52), which was read, as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. BEN CRAVENS, a Representative from the State of Arkansas.

Resolved, That a committee of four Members of the House with such Members of the Senate as may be joined be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provision of these resolutions and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

Mr. BARKLEY. On behalf of the senior Senator from Arkansas [Mrs. Caraway], I offer a resolution, and I ask for its immediate consideration.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolution will be read.

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The resolution (S. Res. 60) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. BEN CRAVENS, late a Representative from the State of Arkansas.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. In accordance with the second resolving clause of the resolution just agreed to, the Chair appoints the Senators from Arkansas [Mrs. Caraway and Mr. Miller] to represent the Senate at the funeral services of the late Representative CRAVENS, of Arkansas.

Mr. BARKLEY. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 3 o'clock and 36 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until tomorrow, Tuesday, January 17, 1939, at 12 o'clock meridian.



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Memorial services held in the main
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